

MOLINESS TO THE LORD.

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GEORGE Q.
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PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.



THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1900.

No. 3.

LIVES OF OUR LEADERS—THE APOSTLES.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

IT was John Locke, the great characteristic English philosopher, who, at the age of thirty, wrote:

“I no sooner perceived myself in the world, but I found myself in a storm which has lasted hitherto.”

To Joseph F. Smith, who is among the greatest and most unique and notable individualities of that peculiar people, the Latter-day Saints, this sentence of Locke's is especially applicable. Only his life was enveloped in storm before he could perceive. He is the son of Hyrum Smith, the second patriarch of the Church, and brother of the Prophet Joseph. His mother was Mary Fielding, of English origin, a woman of bright and strong mind and of excellent business and administrative qualities.

It was during the Missouri troubles. Governor Boggs had issued his order to exterminate the “Mormons.” On the first day of November, 1838, through the heartless treachery of Colonel Hinckle, Joseph and Hyrum and several other leaders of the people were betrayed into the hands of an armed mob under General Clark. They were to be taken prisoners, and confined in jail, and perhaps shot. On the day following, these betrayed leaders were given a few moments to bid farewell to their families. Under a strong guard of militia mobocrats, Hyrum was marched to his home in Far West, and, at the point of the bayonet, with

oaths and curses, was ordered to take his last farewell of his wife. For his “doom was sealed,” and he was told that he would never see her again. Imagine such a shock to his companion! It would have overpowered and come near ending the life of an ordinary person. But with the natural strength of her mind, coupled with the sustaining care of God, she was upheld in this fiery trial with its added miseries to follow.

It was on the 13th day of the same month of November, 1838, in the midst of plunderings, and scenes of severest hardships and persecution, that she gave birth to her first-born who was named Joseph Fielding Smith. In the cold of the following January, leaving four little ones, under the care of her sister Mercy R.—children of her husband by a former wife then dead—she journeyed in a wagon with her infant to Liberty jail in Clay County, where the husband and father was confined, without trial or conviction, his sole offense being that he was a “Mormon.” She was permitted to visit him in jail, but was later compelled to continue her flight from Missouri with her children to seek shelter in Illinois.

Such were the stormy environments of birth, and such was the first pilgrimage of the infant Joseph who has since compassed the earth and the islands of the sea, promulgating and defending the principles for which his father endured imprisonment and

later martyrdom, and for which his mother suffered untold persecution and distress.

Joseph's early years were spent amidst the agitations which culminated in the martyrdom of his uncle and his father on the memorable 27th day of June, 1844. After the abandonment of the city by the Twelve, and when the majority of the Saints had been driven from Nauvoo, in September, 1846, his mother fled from the city and camped on the west side of the Mississippi River, among the trees on its banks, without wagon or tent, during the bombardment of the city by the mob. Having later succeeded in making exchanges of property in Illinois for teams and an outfit, she set out for Winter Quarters, on the Missouri River. Joseph, a lad of only about eight years, drove a yoke of oxen and a wagon most of the distance through the state of Iowa to Winter Quarters, and his other occupation, after leaving Nauvoo, was principally that of herd boy.

On these western plains he drank in the freedom of the spirit of the west, and developed that physical strength which, notwithstanding his later sedentary occupation, is still observable in his robust, erect and muscular form.

He is a lover of strength and a believer in work. "Labor is the key to the true happiness of the physical and spiritual being. If a man possesses millions, his children should still be taught how to labor with their hands; boys and girls should receive a home training which will fit them to cope with the practical daily affairs of family life, even where the conditions are such that they may not have to do this work themselves; they will then know how to guide and direct others," said he, in a recent conversation with the writer.

The great and overpowering desire of all the Saints was to obtain means to gather to the valley. For this purpose, various kinds of labor was sought in Iowa and neighboring states, from farming to school teaching. In

the fall of 1847, he drove a team for his mother to St. Joseph for the purpose of securing provisions to make the coveted journey to the Salt Lake Valley, in the spring following. The trip was successfully made.

It was in the fall of that year, while tending his mother's cattle near Winter Quarters, that he experienced one of the most exciting incidents of his life. The cattle were their only hope of means for immigration to the valley. This fact was deeply impressed upon the boy, so that he came to view them as a precious heritage, as well as a priceless charge given to him as a herd boy. He understood the responsibility; and that is much, for neither Joseph, the boy, nor Joseph, the man, was ever known to shirk a duty or prove recreant to a responsibility.

One morning, in company with Alden and Thomas Burdick, he set out upon the usual duties of the day. The cattle were feeding in the valley some distance from the settlement, which valley was reached in two ways, one over a "bench" or plateau, the other through a ravine or small canyon. The boys had each a horse. Joseph's was a bay mare, swifter than the others. Alden suggested that Thomas and Joseph go the short route to the left, over the "bench," and he would go up the canyon to the right, so that they would meet in the valley from the two directions. The suggestion was gladly adopted, and the two set out with youthful frolic, and soon arrived at the upper end of the valley, where the cattle could be seen feeding by a stream which divided it in the center and wound down the canyon from the direction of the settlement. Having the day before them, they amused themselves with "running" their horses, and, later, in "jumping" them over a little gully in the upper part of the valley. As they were engaged in this amusement, suddenly a band of twenty or thirty Indians came in view, around a point in the lower end of the valley, some distance below the cattle. Thomas first saw them, and frantically yelled, "Indians," at the same

time turning his horse for the «bench» to ride for home. Joseph started to follow, but the thought came to his mind, «My cattle, I must save my cattle!» From that moment, only this thought filled his mind; everything else was blank and dark. He headed his horse for the Indians, to get around the herd before the reds should reach it. One Indian, naked like the others, having only a cloth around the loins, passed him, flying to catch Thomas. Joseph reached the head of the herd, and succeeded in turning the cattle up the ravine just as the Indians approached. His efforts, coupled with the rush and yells of the Indians, stampeded the herd up the valley followed by Joseph, who, by keeping his horse on the «dead» run, succeeded for some time in keeping between the herd and the Indians. Here was a picture! the boy, the cattle, the Indians, headed on the run for the settlement! Finally the reds cut him away from the herd, whereupon he turned, going down stream a distance, then circling around the ravine to the right, to reach the cattle from the side. He had not gone far in that direction when other Indians were seen. They started for him, overtaking him as he emerged from the valley. He still spurred his horse, going at full speed, and while thus riding, two of the naked reds closed up beside him in the wild race, and took him, while the horses were going at full speed, one by the left arm and the other by the right leg, and lifted him from the saddle, for a moment holding him in the air, then suddenly dropping him to the ground.

Undoubtedly he would have been scalped but for the timely appearance of a company of men going to the hay fields, on the opposite side of the ravine, which scared the thieving Indians away, they having obtained both the boys' horses for their pains. In the meantime Thomas had given the alarm. Two relief companies were formed in the settlement, one a posse of horsemen under Hosea Stout, who went up the canyon and found the cattle with Alden Burdick (the pursuing

Indians having abandoned the chase from fright), while the other took the «bench» route, and discovered Joseph who with them spent the day in a fruitless search for the Indians and the cattle supposed to have been stolen.

«I remember, on my way home,» says Joseph, «how I sat down and wept for my cattle, and how the thought of meeting mother, who could not now go to the valley, wrung my soul with anguish.» But happily, his bravery and fidelity to trust, which are indissolubly interwoven with his character as a man, had saved the herd.

Leaving Winter Quarters in the spring of 1848, they reached the Salt Lake Valley on September 23, Joseph driving two yoke of oxen with a heavily loaded wagon the whole distance. He performed all the duties of a day-watchman, herdsman and teamster, with other requirements imposed upon the men.

Arriving in the valley, he again had charge of the herds, interchanging with such labors as plowing, canyon work, harvesting and fencing. During this whole time he never lost an animal entrusted to his care; this notwithstanding the numerous large wolves abounding in the valley.

His education was obtained from his mother, who early taught him, in the tent, in the camp, on the prairie, to read from the Bible. He has had no other save that sterner education gathered from the practical pages of life. But his opportunities in later years have not gone unused, and there are few college-bred men who delight more in books than Joseph. He is, too, a fair judge of the manner and matter of books. His leisure for reading is limited, owing to his constant employment in the affairs of the Church; but he loves to read books of history, philosophy, science; and has specially delighted in such authors as Seiss and Samuel Smiles, who may be said to be his favorites. He is fond of music, of which, though not a judge, he is a great lover, especially enjoying the music of the human voice.

In 1852, his mother died, leaving him an orphan at the age of fourteen. When fifteen

years of age, he, with other young men, was called on his first mission to the Sandwich Islands. The incidents of the journey to the coast by horses, his work in the mountains at a shingle mill for means to proceed, and the embarkment and journey on the *Vaquero* for the islands, are sufficient for a long article in themselves; while his labors in the Maui conference, under President F. A. Hammond, his efforts to learn the language in the district of Kula, his attack of sickness, the most severe of his life, caused by the Panama fever, and his other labors and varied, trying experiences while there, would fill a volume. He says, «Of the many gifts of the Spirit which were manifest through my administration, next to my acquirement of the language, the most prominent was perhaps the gift of healing, and by the power of God the casting out of evil spirits, which frequently occurred.” One incident shows how the Lord is with His servants: Joseph was studying the language, being alone with a native family in Wailuku. One night while he sat by a dismal light poring over his books in one corner of the room where dwelt a native and his wife, the woman was suddenly possessed; she arose and looking toward Joseph made the most fearful noises and gestures, accompanied by terrible physical contortions. Her husband came on his bended knees and crouched beside him, frightened to trembling. The fear that our young missionary felt under those circumstances was something indescribable, but presently it all left him, and he stood up facing the maniac woman, exclaiming: «In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I rebuke you.” Like a flash, the woman fell to the floor like one dead. The husband went to ascertain if she were alive, and pronounced her dead. Then he returned, and set up a perfect howl, which Joseph likewise rebuked. What should Joseph do? His first impression was to get away from the horrid surroundings, but upon reflection he decided that such action would not be wise. His feelings were indescribable, but having rebuked the evil, it was subdued and

peace was restored, and he proceeded again with his studies. These are the class of experiences that bring a lone missionary, young as he was, close to the Lord.

Returning in 1858, he joined the militia which intercepted Johnston’s army, serving until the close of hostilities, under Colonel Thomas Callister. He was later chaplain of Colonel Heber P. Kimball’s regiment, with the rank of captain. He took part in many Indian expeditions, and was in every sense a minute man in the Utah militia.

In the spring of 1860, he was sent on a mission to Great Britain, driving a four-mule team over the plains for his passage. On this mission he served nearly three years, returning in the summer of 1863; it was here that the intimacy between President George Q. Cannon, who presided over the mission, and Joseph F. Smith began; friendship and love for each other were engendered, which have since grown stronger through the intimate careers of two beautiful lives. On his return, President Young proposed at a Priesthood meeting that Joseph and his cousin, Samuel, each be given a present of \$1,000 to begin life with. President Smith realized in the neighborhood of \$75.00, in provisions and merchandise, but mostly a legacy of much annoyance from certain people who entertained the current belief that he had thus obtained a small fortune. With the exception of the cost of his passage and stage fare home, which was sent him by his aunt, Mercy R. Thompson, amounting to about \$100, he paid his own expenses throughout, as he had done on previous missions. President Smith has been too busy with his work to make money, and his temporal affairs are a strong testimony to his exclusive devotion to the public good.

He had only been at home a short time, when, in the early spring of 1864, he was called to accompany Ezra T. Benson and Lorenzo Snow on a second mission to the Sandwich Islands to regulate the affairs of that mission, which had been greatly disarranged

by the well-known shrewd and covetous actions of Walter M. Gibson. In this mission he acted as principal interpreter for the Apostles. After Gibson was excommunicated from the Church, Joseph was left in charge of the mission, with W. W. Cluff and Alma L. Smith as his fellow-laborers. It was many months after Gibson had been cut off before his people left his jurisdiction and returned to the standard of the Church. Among the works accomplished by Joseph and his associates on this mission was the selection of the Laie plantation as a gathering place for the Saints, which was afterwards, on their recommendation, purchased by a committee sent for that purpose by President Young, and which has proven a valuable possession for the mission, and for the Church in a general way. Joseph and his aids returned in the winter of 1864-5.

It was while on this mission that the drowning incident occurred, mentioned in Whitney's sketch of President Snow. President Smith's part in the affair has never been told. The ship upon which they arrived lay anchored in the channel in which the sea was nearly always rough. A breakwater had been built, under shelter of which the natives skilfully steered their boats ashore. There was much danger, however, in approaching it. When it was proposed that the party should land in the ship's unwieldy freight-boat, President Smith strongly opposed the proposition, telling the brethren that at the breakwater there was great danger of capsizing, the boat being a clumsy old tub, unfit for such a load. He refused to go ashore, and tried to prevail upon the others to abandon the attempt until a better boat could be obtained. He offered to go ashore alone, and to return with a safer boat to land the party. So persistent, however, were some of the brethren, that he was chided for his waywardness, and one of the Apostles even told him: "Young man, you would better obey counsel." But he reiterated his impression of danger refusing positively to

land in that boat, and again offering to go alone for a better boat. But the brethren persisted, whereupon he asked that they leave their satchels with their clothes and valuables on the anchored ship with him, and that he be permitted to stay. This they reluctantly consented to do, and set out for land. Joseph stood upon the ship and saw them depart, filled with the greatest apprehension for their safety. When the party reached the breakwater, he saw one of the great waves suddenly overturn the boat, dropping the company into twenty or thirty feet of water. A boat came out from shore, manned with natives, who set to work to gather them up, and obtained all but President Snow, when the boat which picked them up started for land. It was then that Elder W. W. Cluff demanded that they return for Brother Snow who would otherwise have been abandoned and left for drowned. He was found and dragged into the boat for dead, being thus saved by Brother Cluff. All this time, Joseph stood in the greatest agony as a witness, helpless, on the deck of the ship. His first information of his companions' fate came from some passing natives who replied to his inquiry that one of the men (Brother Snow) was dead. But through the blessings of God and self-effort it was, fortunately, not quite so serious, his life having been restored. Joseph had saved himself and the satchels, and he has always considered that while the brethren fatefully said of the incident: "It was to be," that a prevention in this case would have been much better than a cure. The incident illustrates two predominating traits in his character: When he is convinced of the truth, he is not afraid to express himself in its favor to any man on earth. When he does express himself, it is often with such earnestness and vigor that there is frequently danger of his giving offense.

On his return home, he labored in the Church historian's office for a number of years; also as clerk in the endowment house,

succeeding Elder John V. Long in that capacity; being in charge, after the death of President Young, until it was closed. He had been ordained an Apostle under the hands of President Young, on July 1, 1866, and on the 8th of October, 1867, he was appointed to fill a vacancy in the quorum of the Twelve Apostles. In the year following, he was sent with Apostle Wilford Woodruff and Elder A. O. Smoot to Utah County, and served one term in the Provo city council.

On February 28, 1874, he went on his second mission to England, where he presided over the European mission, returning in 1875, after the death of President George A. Smith. On his return he was appointed to preside over the Davis Stake until the spring of 1877, when he left on his third British mission, having first witnessed the dedication of the first temple in the Rocky Mountains, at St. George, April, 1877. He arrived in Liverpool May 27th, and was joined a short time afterwards by Apostle Orson Pratt, who had been sent to publish new editions of the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants. When news arrived of the death of President Young, they were released, arriving home September 27th. In August of the following year, he was sent with Apostle Orson Pratt on a short eastern mission, visiting noted places in the history of the Church in Missouri, Ohio, New York and Illinois. It was on this trip that they had their famous interview with David Whitmer. When the First Presidency was organized, in October, 1880, he was chosen second counselor to President John Taylor, who died July 25, 1887. He was chosen to the same position in the Presidency under President Woodruff; and holds it at present under President Snow. It would take too much space to name his various civil positions held in Salt Lake City and in the legislature of the territory, where he served the people long and faithfully. All my readers are familiar with the work of his recent years; it is like an open book to the whole people.

So he has been constantly in the service of

the public, and by his straightforward course has won the love, confidence and esteem of the whole community. He is a friend of the people, is easily approached, a wise counselor, a man of broad views, and, contrary to first impressions, is a man whose sympathies are easily aroused. He is a reflex of the best character of the "Mormon" people—inured to hardships, patient in trial, God-fearing, self-sacrificing, full of love for the human race, powerful in moral, mental and physical strength.

President Joseph F. Smith has an imposing physical appearance. Now completing his 62nd year, he is tall, erect, well-knit and symmetrical in build. He has a prominent nose and features. When speaking, he throws his full, clear, brown eyes wide open on the listener who may readily perceive from their penetrating glimpse the wonderful mental power of the tall forehead above. His large head is crowned with an abundant growth of hair, in his early years dark, but now, like his full beard, tinged with a liberal sprinkling of gray. In conversation, one is forcibly impressed with the sudden changes in appearance of his countenance, under the different influences of his mind: now intensely pleasant, with an enthusiastic and childlike interest in immediate subjects and surroundings: now absent, the mobility of his features set in that earnest, almost stern, majesty of expression so characteristic of his portraits—so indicative of the severity of the conditions and environments of his early life.

As a public speaker, his leading trait is an intense earnestness. He impresses the hearer with his message more from the sincerity of its delivery, and the honest earnestness of his manner, than from any learned exhibition of oratory or studied display of logic. He touches the hearts of the people with the simple eloquence of one who is himself convinced of the truths presented. He is a pillar of strength in the Church, thoroughly imbued with the truths of the Gospel, and the divine origin of this work. His whole life and testimony are an inspiration to the young.

I said to him: «You knew Joseph, the prophet; you are old in the work of the Church: what is your testimony to the youth of Zion concerning these things?» And he replied slowly and deliberately:

«I was acquainted with the Prophet Joseph in my youth. I was familiar in his home, with his boys and with his family. I have sat on his knee, I have heard him preach, distinctly remember being present in the council with my father and the Prophet Joseph Smith and others. From my childhood to youth I believed him to be a prophet of God. From my youth until the present I have not believed that he was a prophet, for I have known that he was. In other words, my knowledge has superseded my belief. I

remember seeing him dressed in military uniform at the head of the Nauvoo Legion. I saw him when he crossed the river, returning from his intended western trip into the Rocky Mountains to go to his martyrdom, and I saw his lifeless body together with that of my father after they were murdered in Carthage jail; and still have the most palpable remembrance of the gloom and sorrow of those dreadful days. I believe in the divine mission of the prophets of the nineteenth century with all my heart, and in the authenticity of the Book of Mormon and the inspiration of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and hope to be faithful to God and man and not false to myself, to the end of my days.»

Edw. H. Anderson.



HISTORY OF THE NATIONS.

BELGIUM.

THERE is, in general, comparatively little commonly known about the history and the people of Belgium, and this lack of knowledge may be attributed principally to the fact that, until quite recently, it has been under the control of the rulers of other countries, and has not had the occasion to make famous its present name, by which it has become distinctly known only for a comparatively short time; though the name itself comes from that of the barbarous tribes, called Belgians, who early inhabited it.

The continued independence of this country as a whole dates only from 1830, and, therefore, there has not been the opportunity to gain a reputation so widely known as those governments which have existed much longer. Until the year 1830 the country was that of an almost continually unsettled state.

This condition was brought about by the many changes of rulers who successively obtained partial or complete possession of it, and by the rebellion of the people when their rulers became so oppressive as to be unbearable. This divided condition of the country has had its effect upon the people, those in one part being different in language and character from those in another, though since the union of all the provinces under one government these differences have considerably disappeared. Although the history of Belgium has not been a very famous one, still it has furnished many men who have played important parts in the drama of European history enacted since the opening of the Christian era, and it has, seemingly, been the favorite battle-ground where the destinies of some great men have been changed.

The history of civilization in what is now

Belgium began about sixty years before the birth of our Lord. Before that time barbarous tribes roamed through the country, often fighting among themselves for the supremacy. Until about 300 years before Christ the country was inhabited by Celtic tribes, who were driven out by the Belgians, from across the river Rhine. About 60 years B.C., Julius Cæsar, at the head of the Roman legions, spent his time in conquering the tribes, who inhabited what are now France and Belgium. The Romans built roads, canals, and villages, which were later partially destroyed by the barbarians, but traces of which still exist. The barbarous tribes had the pagan worship. The Catholic religion was introduced about the year 200 A. D., but did not make much progress until supported by the Roman government. The first barbarian of this country known to receive the Catholic religion was Clovis, king of the tribes inhabiting Belgium, after whom all the rulers accepted this religion. His descendants were weak and were later superseded by the Pepins, powerful nobles of that name, from whom Charles Martel was descended. He received the name of Martel, meaning a hammer, because he beat the Saracens from Spain so badly. His grandson was Charlemagne, who was doubtless the greatest ruler

during the Middle Ages. He became famous for the great empire he controlled and for the impetus he gave to education by the founding of schools and colleges. His successors were so weak that the powerful vassals soon became independent. Of what is now Belgium were Flanders, Brabant, Hainault, Namur, Luxembourg, Limbourg and Liege, which became separate states, and which corresponded almost exactly with the division into provinces at the present time. These states all became more or less powerful, but of them all, Flanders was much the strongest, and was ruled by counts who were great warriors. About this time Peter the Hermit was going through Europe preaching a crusade to conquer Jersalem and the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens. He obtained great success in Belgium, and these states took a very active part in the first crusade. Its leaders were Godfrey de Bouillon, Count Robert of Flanders and Count Baldwin of Hainault, the first of whom became king of Jerusalem. In a later crusade a Count Baldwin of Flanders became for a time emperor of Constantinople.

These various states were governed by dukes and counts, except in the case of Liege which was governed by a prince-bishop. All of these states, including also what



CHARLEMAGNE AT THE HEAD OF HIS ARMY.

is now Holland, and called in general the Low Countries, gradually came under the control of the dukes of Burgundy, and it seemed as though the more territory they obtained the more oppressive they became, so that for a long time there was almost constant strife between the people of these states and their rulers. From the house of Burgundy these possessions passed to the house of Austria. From this family came Charles V, who, at twenty years of age, controlled the greatest empire since Charlemagne, being king of Spain and emperor of Austria, besides governing the Low Countries. He was a thorough Catholic and tried for a time to stop the growth of the Reformation begun by Martin Luther, but later he allowed the heretics more freedom of conscience. The wars of Charles V cost a great deal of money for which he taxed the people heavily. On this account many of the tradesmen of Ghent in Flanders broke out in rebellion. He quickly subdued them, and, as punishment, made several of the principal men of the city come to beg pardon on their knees, with ropes around their necks, and heads, arms and legs bare. This method seemed to be a favorite way of humiliating the people, for it was several times practiced.

The son of Charles V, Philip II, famous for having sent the "Invincible Armada" against England, was also a strict Catholic and did all in his power to put down Protestantism, and during his reign the Inquisition for the trial and torture of heretics, flourished; but notwithstanding the mutilation and torture which many Protestants received there was a constant increase in their number. Among the most powerful of those who became Protestants, and who did all in his power to spread this faith, was William of Nassau, afterwards Prince of Orange. He was one of the most powerful foes of the king of Spain, and later was stabbed to death by an assassin paid by the king. Many of the Protestants resented so much the treatment they received that they banded together and went

about breaking into churches and abbeys and spoiling them. This caused King Philip to become so angry that he sent a large army under a cruel general, the Duke of Alba, with orders to terribly punish the people, which were inflexibly carried out. Philip turned the government of the Low Countries over to his daughter and her husband, the archduke of Austria, but after the death of the latter, not long afterwards, the government again became Spanish.

At about this time, notwithstanding the unsettled conditions of the country, the arts and sciences were making considerable advances. In the sixteenth century, among the most prominent men were Gerard Mercator and Abraham Ortelius, who did so much for the science of geography; and a little later, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Peter Paul Rubens became one of the greatest painters of the time and established a flourishing school at Antwerp where the skill of Antoine Van Dyck, who became almost greater than his master, was developed.

After the death of Philip II, Louis XIV, king of France, under a slight claim, seized a large part of the country now comprising Belgium, and this became the scene of some great battles between the French under the prince of Conde and the people of the Low Countries under William of Orange, who, later, became king of England, in which battles the French were generally victorious. By the grandson of Louis XIV becoming king of Spain the former thought he had a right to take possession of the Low Countries, but found he was unable to do so, for the allies of the Low Countries gathered under the command of the great duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Saxony, and beat the French at the decisive battles of Ramillies and Malplaquet.

The Low Countries then came again under Austrian control, and were governed by Maria Theresa, daughter of the emperor of Austria. At this time education flourished and there was a great increase in manufacturing in-

dustries. Maria Theresa did a great deal for the advancement of learning and for the commercial, manufacturing and agricultural interests, and the country rapidly developed during her administration. In the 17th century, Cornelius Jansenius, a Catholic bishop in Flanders, at his death left a book he had written, [called Augustinus, containing discussions upon theological subjects. This was the beginning of Jansenism, which caused many dissensions among churchmen, and as a result many left the Catholic church.

In the latter part of the 18th century the French Revolution started the ferment for more liberty in Belgium. The Austrians were driven out and the French soldiers overran the country and acted as foreign soldiers had done before, for they pillaged it of everything valuable that they could find and taxed the people heavily besides. After Napoleon Bonaparte became emperor of the French he undertook to make of Antwerp the greatest military post in the world,—“a loaded pistol aimed at the heart of England”—but he did not finish his task. At first the Low Countries were favorable to the domination of Napoleon, but as the contributions in money and soldiers required of them increased, they grew tired of it, and when they joined the allies—England, Prussia and Austria—this became the center of some great military operations. Upon Napoleon’s returning to France, after having once been banished by the allies, he gathered an army and entered Belgium, where he was finally defeated by the English and Prussians, under the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blucher, at Waterloo, near Brussels.

The Low Countries were then formed into a kingdom under the House of Orange, but the people of Belgium became greatly dissatisfied with this and finally separated from Holland in 1830, forming a provincial government. In 1831 Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was offered the throne of Belgium, which he accepted. At his death in 1865 his son Leopold, who occupies the throne at the present time, suc-

ceeded him. In 1876 King Leopold II called a meeting of geographical societies, at which was discussed the exploration of central Africa. The king did a great deal to aid in the exploration, and suggested that the country be made free, which was done, and it received the name of the Congo Free State. Since the formation of the Belgian kingdom the country has been at rest and as a consequence there have been great advances in education and in the arts and in agriculture.

The people living in the western parts, including the provinces of Flanders, Antwerp and Brabant, are mostly Flemish, and speak the Flemish dialect, which is Low Dutch. In early times these people became famous as weavers and their skill has become more widely known, until now their products, such as Brussels and Mechlin laces, Brussels carpets, besides linen, silks, etc., have become world-renowned. Throughout various parts of Belgium there is a great variety of manufactures and industries; the western part being better known for silks, laces, carpets, as also for glass, porcelain and crockery, while the eastern part of the country—the more mountainous—is noted more for the manufacture of iron and steel and chemicals. The mining and metallurgical operations are along the Meuse river, principally near the city of Liege. Here is situated, among many others, the plant of the Cockerill company, which is the third largest iron and steel manufacturing industry in the world, including also the building of locomotives and other engines, and which is said to employ something like 10,000 men, women and boys.

The people of this eastern part of the country are mostly what are known as Walloons. They speak the Walloon dialect, which is low French, and in which a great deal of the beauty of the French language written or spoken is lost, as it is not handsome to look at nor pleasant to hear. As this part of the country is so close to the frontier of Germany there are a considerable number of Germans to be found here. The great occupations of the

people are mining and working in the iron and steel industries, which furnish labor for many thousands of men, boys and women. Although there are many coal mines in this eastern part, the demand for this fuel is such that it is quite dear and, therefore, rather precious. Many women and girls spend most of their time at the refuse dumps from the mines where they carefully gather all the coal to be found, putting it in large sacks, holding about two hundred pounds each. It is quite a common sight to see women and girls trudging homeward with these large sacks full of coal on their backs, with the upper part of the sack looped over the head to support the load. Women do a great deal of work here which in America is done by men, as, for instance, where the streets are cleaned the women usually do it, and they do a great deal of farming also. They often peddle vegetables and fruits, and also serve usually as guards at the various railroad crossings.

Belgium is also quite a country for agriculture, which is carried on throughout almost every part. The products are grains of almost all sorts, vegetables, fruits, such as apples and pears, and also sugar beets, which form the supply of several sugar factories. Ploughing is done to a great extent with a rather peculiar shaped plough, drawn very often by oxen or cows. The farm houses usually have the stables under the same roof, the presence of the cattle helping to warm the house.

As the Flemish dialect is spoken so much in this country, the signs, etc., on the railroads throughout the kingdom are printed in Dutch as well as French, and in the western and northwestern parts the Flemish is used considerably more than the French. The day time on the railroads here is different from that in most of the other countries in that the hours run from 0 one midnight to 24 the next.

In the matter of indulgence there is a great deal of intemperance among the people. There

are no saloons as in America, but in place of these, there are cafes, which are always open, at least until very late at night, and every day in the week, in which there is considerable carousing. An enormous quantity of beer and liquor is drunk, the former very often kept on hand and used at meals. The use of tobacco is similar to this, only that it goes to a greater extreme. It is quite common to see boys three or four years old smoking or learning to smoke, and among the men it is quite the exception rather than the rule for them not to smoke. But though these habits are bad they are not so vicious as some others indulged in, which are shocking in their nature, and the extent of which is fearful to contemplate.

The system of public schools is somewhat the same as in Salt Lake City, the sexes being, however, entirely separated in the schools. In higher education there are four universities, two of which are established and supported by the state. In addition there are schools of civil and mining engineering, agriculture and a commercial institute.

There are three systems of religion under the protection of the state—the Catholic, having an archbishop in charge; the Protestant, governed by a council at Brussels; and the Jewish religion, directed by a great rabbi, elected by all the Jews of the country, and who is assisted by an assembly. But of these systems, in power and the number professing it, the Catholic is far in the lead. This has been the main religion in this country so long that it seems as though the people, whether professing it or not, are impregnated with its forms and traditions. This church is in the field as a political party, and works hard and fairly successfully for its candidates.

Sunday here is more of a holiday than a day of rest and worship, theatres and other amusements receiving their greatest patronage, and business being done to a great extent. This would seem to have been begun by the Catholic celebrations of Saints' days on Sunday, and due partly also to their form

of morning worship, until now the regulation of the day is beyond their control.

In general the people professing this religion are difficult to approach with any other religion, as they follow the priests so strictly, and when they begin to investigate another system it is generally found that they know very little about the Bible. It is a fact that where Protestants are found they are usually much better acquainted with the Bible and its teachings, and are usually willing to listen to the explanation of the principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, though they do not always recognize them as the truth.

I do not know at what time the true Gospel was introduced into this country but its continued spread began, I think, from about the year 1888, at which time Belgium was included in the Swiss and German mission. But for about three years afterwards there was only one missionary in this field at one time. In 1891 Belgium was transferred to the Netherlands Mission and at that time there were three branches—at Liege, Brussels, and Antwerp—having from ten to twenty or thirty members each. Until 1894, however, there

was not a vigorous work prosecuted. Since that time there has been a gradual increase in the working forces and in the proselytes gained. In 1899 Belgium was divided into two conferences, the eastern part being known as the Liege, and the western part as the Brussels conference. The work in the Brussels conference has been chiefly among the Flemish, while that in the Liege conference has been among the people speaking French, or Walloon, and this has made more progress, due chiefly to the fact that there have been, more missionaries here. There have been comparatively speaking, so few missionaries in this country that a great part of the country has not been even visited by those having authority to preach the Gospel, and though there are so few who accept the truth, still there is a great responsibility resting upon us as Latter-day Saints to warn the people in this as in other countries to repent of their sins and accept the principles of the Gospel, that we may be thereby the means of leading the honest in heart into the paths of truth, and that by doing our duty, we shall be held blameless.

S. Q. Cannon.

LIEGE, BELGIUM.



A TRIP THROUGH ALASKA.

II.—FROM BENNETT CITY TO WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

LEAVING Bennett City we enter on our voyage to the interior, beginning with this sixty mile lake of fresh water. It has a width of two to five miles, and the mountains rise abruptly from the water's edge with but little exception the entire length, and to great heights. Innumerable streams rush into the lake from off the mountain sides and gulches. Timber abounds on all sides, though it is of a small

size, trees from six to twelve inches in diameter being the largest. Mining prospectors are bringing in fine mineral specimens from both east and west ranges, and at no far distant date in the future, there will without doubt resound throughout these hills and over this beautiful lake the echo of the stamp mill pounding away on the ores of this district. The length of the lake lies south and north and with a south wind the journey

is made in about ten hours with sail boat. Frequently boats become unmanageable in the heavy winds, and drift upon the rocks and are broken to pieces. Evidences of these disasters are everywhere seen; the water rolls very high in a wind storm, compelling all small craft to seek shelter in coves along the shores.

One is struck with astonishment at the wonderful natural provision made by this waterway for large and small vessels to penetrate the vast empire of the north. The northern end of the lake is narrowed up to a width of about three hundred feet and continues so for a mile. This is called Caribou Crossing, so termed from the crossing of immense herds of caribou which seek this place to get from one side to the other in search of fresh pastures. A police post is built here at which are stationed relays of men and dogs for mail and other service. The water widens out to about one mile and for a distance of ten miles continues so, forming a mud lake, which varies in depth, and in some places is so shallow as to cause trouble to scows and steamboats, which frequently go aground.

We now enter Togish lake and pass another police station and saw mill, and reach Windy Arm. The greatest length of this lake is north-east by south-west and Windy Arm is an arm of the lake which runs directly south for miles, and derives its name from the almost continuous winds that blow out of this gap and sweep across the water to the sorrow of many a navigator, who has been driven upon the shore.

About fifteen miles further north Toku lake puts into Togish from the south and extends for ninety miles to the south and east to Toku City, a station at which all travel must disembark and portage across a ridge for five miles to Lake Atlin, another beautiful lake lying north and south one hundred and twenty miles, by ten miles wide.

Crossing this we reach Atlin City, a new but neat place of about five thousand in-

habitants, and beautifully situated on the sunny south slope and skirting the water's edge. The climate here is severe in winter but most delightful in summer, and vegetables of almost all kinds can be produced. This is a part of the old Cassiar mining district of British Columbia and a new find of placers, though not extremely rich yet yielding fair returns, were worked on a large hydraulic scale.

Some considerable friction has arisen between Americans and Canadians over stringent and restrictive laws and jealous officials, but I think a better understanding has been reached at last.

We have made a trip of 180 miles into Atlin and out again, and we shall now continue our journey over Togish lake to Togish post, which we reach in due time with favorable wind. As far as the eye can reach on either side and in all directions is one unbroken forest, rising in gradual slopes and table lands of excellent soil. These will some day be brought into use by the agriculturist. Indians live on all these lakes and subsist on fish and game which abound everywhere.

At Togish post another inspection of goods is ordered, and no one is allowed to pass this place without 1000 lbs. of provisions or \$600 in cash, unless his destination is Alaska, in which case one is permitted to pass through Canadian territory. In 1897 the Canadian government had paid out to assist men who were «broke» and destitute seventy-five thousand dollars, and they intend to avoid a repetition of it.

About six miles travel brings us into Lake Marsh, which is about twenty-eight miles long by eight wide. Considerable wild fowl is found here in the summer time, such as ducks and geese, and much beautiful country lies adjacent to this lake, which in any other place but the far north would be hurriedly seized upon for homes, farms and ranches. There is no doubt that many towns will spring up all along this route with the advent of the

railroad which is heading that way with great rapidity.

After spending one night on the shore of Lake Marsh, we press on and are soon in the mouth of a twenty-eight mile river, and as the current increases in rapidity we are reminded that we are nearing White Horse Rapids, more forcibly so when the roaring of the waters rushing through the narrows breaks upon our ears. The great valleys of the upper lakes terminate in the great valleys of these mighty rivers and the White Horse Rapids are formed by a ledge of rock extending across the valley through which a break had been made. The ledge stands perpendicular about 100 feet high on the right and 200 feet high on the left, and the gap is about 100 feet wide. An immense flow of water is crowded into this gap at a terrific speed, and as it breaks into huge waves, the crest of one almost lapping the crest of the other, it looks impossible

for any kind of boat to pass over in safety. Hundreds, however, survive this dangerous passage annually, yet many there are that find here a termination of their existence. They strike upon the rocks that abound in the river just below the rapids or are crowded upon the shore by the force of the current. Here may be seen at any time in the spring goods of all kinds strewn upon the banks, which have been rescued from some sunken vessel. Steamboats go no farther down the river, as they cannot pass these rapids. A portage is here made by passengers and freight, and reloaded at the foot of the rapids, about two miles distant. The transportation facilities must necessarily be limited to about four months of the year, until the railroad is built, as the ice covers the rivers and lakes for about eight months. Hence the anxiety of the northerners for the iron horse to open the door, that they be not shut up for so much of the year. O. S.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SUNDAY SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

III.—THE SUPERINTENDENT.

THE old idea of the value which attaches to first impressions is more perfectly exemplified in the child than in the man. The child's hour in the Sunday School is often made pleasurable or painful according to the first impressions which it receives upon entering the room. For this reason the superintendent and his assistants should constitute themselves on a Sabbath morning a committee on reception. They should be about the room, at the door and everywhere in order to greet the teachers and children as the latter enter, and send, so far as they can, throughout the whole school

a feeling of cordiality and friendly interest. It is the habit of many superintendents to take their place upon the stand as soon as they enter the room, and to remain there during all the devotional exercises of the morning. This does not promote the same interest and pleasure throughout the school as a cordial welcome and a hand-shake given as soon as teachers and children enter the room. I should say, as a rule, that the superintendent should greet all the teachers in this manner as soon as they enter the room, and he should greet, if not in the same manner, with the same interest, as many of the children

as possible. The teachers will be susceptible to the influence of the superintendent and will carry the same influence to their classes.

What the Sunday School needs in aid of its discipline is more sunshine, more friendly manifestation, more general cordiality, than is today found in many of these great institutions of the Latter-day Saints. Let the superintendent be the first to banish all restraint, and let his greetings send warmth and sunshine into the hearts of all. This is distinctly one of the most important qualifications of a good superintendent. He and his assistants should be men of good cheer. They should be men who look upon the bright side of life. They should be men in whom the bright faces of happy and smiling children kindle enthusiasm and love. They should be men whose feelings radiate; men who love children; men of joyful, happy dispositions, affable and kind.

If the child feels that he will not be noticed when he enters the school room; if he feels that the superintendency cannot distinguish him across the room from their seat on the stand; if he feels that no one is there to notice whether he comes late or early, he is not unlikely to be indifferent about his punctuality. On the other hand, if he knows that his reception will be altogether different when he enters the school room before the bell is tapped from what it will be when he is tardy, he is much more likely to be on time.

The proper kind of reception by the superintendent will be a great factor in solving the question of tardiness. A smile and a greeting will become essential to the happiness of the children, and they will be eager to reach the Sunday School on time. There will always be a pleasant expectation in this happy greeting which will enthuse and encourage the children, and they will always feel rewarded by the kindly spoken words which greet them at the door.

The good teacher must please in order to instruct, and the good superintendent must be as full of fond anticipation in meeting his

Sabbath School children, as they are when they think of meeting him. These receptions must be mutual. The man who carries with him to the Sabbath School nothing more than a stern sense of duty, is not likely to make very strong impressions upon the minds of the youths. He must possess a happy disposition. He must be highly susceptible to the pleasures of social contact, and above all things he must be an ardent lover of youth. The model superintendent can no more resist the pleasures which the presence of youth creates, than he can resist the warm and beautiful sunshine.

Cordiality, friendly interest and demonstration are too much wanting in our Sunday Schools. Increase the sociability among the superintendents, teachers, and students, and you increase the attractions which the Sunday School will have for all.

I have long suspected that one of the reasons why it is so difficult to secure the attendance of young men from the age of sixteen to twenty is because they do not find that sociability which their natures crave. At that age their social nature begins to develop into a new life. They are eager to congregate with their fellows on the street corners; they are lonely when not in society, and are not entertained by their imaginations as little children are. Extend to them the hand of fraternity! Be cordial and friendly in your greetings and they will take on a new interest for Sunday School life! On the other hand, cold formality and indifference dampen their ardor and make Sunday School uninteresting if not forbidding to them.

It is very natural for youth to enjoy the attentions of others. These attentions beget interest in those who bestow them, and if they are found in the superintendent and teachers on a Sunday morning, they will constitute strong attractions not only for the little children, but for those who have developed into manhood and womanhood. One may very easily suspect that superintendents and teachers are sometimes governed more in their Sunday School work by the thought of duty,

than by the labor of love. Let, then, the Sunday School superintendent and his assistants feel that it is their business to send a glow and warmth of interest and love to every nook and corner of the building to promote spiritual pleasure, just as the janitor has done to promote physical comfort.

It may be safe to predict that the superintendent and assistants who take their position on the stand before the opening of Sunday School, and there remain aloof from teachers and students who enter after them, can never create the interest and pleasure which promote good discipline and its corresponding results in the Sabbath School. There are many occasions when it would be better for the assistants, or the superintendent and one

assistant, to remain somewhere in the body of the room to enforce attention during singing, prayer and sacramental service. One of the superintendence might often remain to advantage at the door to welcome the tardy teachers and children. Too many assistants have no other conception of their duty than that of presiding in the absence of the superintendent. The attentions and duties of the superintendent and his assistants may very well alternate from Sunday to Sunday, so as to bring each of them into contact with all the teachers and students as often as possible.

In a word, the superintendent is not simply the *chairman* of a meeting. He is the *guiding and inspiring* as well as the presiding official of the school. *J. M. Tanner.*



WHO BLUEBEARD REALLY WAS.

THE story of Bluebeard, almost always depicted as a Turk, even when the scene of his troubles is laid in France, is familiar to all English-speaking children from infancy. It is not a pretty story, nor one calculated to give a child sweet sleep and pleasant dreams; yet it is told in all its varying horrors to each succeeding generation, and is even acted in tableaux vivants—which is the older expression for living pictures. The very atrocity and double compounding of tragedy in the tale divest it of some of its most objectionable features by their exaggeration and extravagance, and the miserable end which the old villain comes to at the hands of his last wife's relations points a moral which is, perhaps, worth preserving, though it can hardly be needed.

But atrocious as Bluebeard was, his abominable career is based upon historical facts, and these are brought out as far as possible

in a book prepared by Thomas Wilson and just now published, with the long title: «Bluebeard: a Contribution to History and Folk-Lore; Being the History of Gilles de Retz of Brittany, France, Who was Executed at Nantes in 1440, A. D., and who was the Original Blue-Beard in the Tales of Mother Goose.» Long as the title is, it is explanatory and descriptive, and the book itself is abundantly illustrated by pictures of the places where the principal acts in the awful life of this human monster were acted out.

Gilles de Retz was born in the autumn of 1404, probably at Machecoul, in Brittany. He combined in his single person the blood of four of the most illustrious families of the time and place, tracing a noble descent back two and three centuries. His father was a Montmorency-Laval, his grand mother was a sister of the great Du Guesclin, and, significantly enough, one of his great-grand-

mothers was Joan, nicknamed La Folle, or «The Crazy.» It was the fashion of the time that children should intermarry, and, after the settlement to vast estates had been assured, the young Gilles was duly betrothed to two little maids of noble birth. As if in warning and protest both died. A third marriage, to a great heiress, was more successful. Gilles was then sixteen years old. But she left him before he was in his twenty-sixth year, greatly to her good fortune and that of their only child, a daughter.

There was no early warning of the manner in which Gilles was to bring about his own destruction. He went to the wars when he was barely twenty-one years old and greatly distinguished himself fighting for the king. He was in the campaign conducted by Joan of Arc and was one of her most devoted followers. He is said to have been a captain of her escort and it is certain he was with her at Chinon, Poitiers, Blois, Orleans and many other places, and was in high favor. When the king was finally consecrated at Rheims, Gilles received his baton as a marshal of France. This was in 1429.

When the wars were over and the soldier should have been learning the arts of peace with all the advantages which good looks, reputation, royal favor, wealth and health could give, Gilles is to be found indulging himself in the most outrageous extrav-

gances, squandering his substance right and left until even his great means showed signs of giving out. In this emergency the king was appealed to, and he issued his royal decree that nothing further of the De Retz estates should be sold or transferred. Practically impoverished by this edict, Gilles turned to alchemy in search of gold and the philosopher's stone. This was in the year 1432, and in that year a nameless horror began to settle down over the countryside about the city of Nantes. Children of tender years would be sent from their mother's side and never be heard of more. On the way to a neighbor's the little one would disappear as certainly as if translated or swallowed up by the earth.

For eight years this cloud settled down upon the people, until they cried out in despair. During that time not less than three hundred children of both sexes and of all ages, from six to sixteen, were seemingly annihilated. At last, evidence was secured showing that Gilles de Retz and his accomplices had slain the little ones and used their bodies and blood in their experiments. They were arrested, both for necromancy and for murder, and Gilles confessed to murders beyond count. He was found guilty, and after desperate attempts to avoid his fate, was hanged and burned at Nantes on October 26, 1440.



THE CATASTROPHE OF THE MATTERHORN.

PROBABLY the stubbornest of Alpine peaks in resisting the efforts of the mountain climber in Switzerland is the Matterhorn, a striking picture which accompanies this article. Certainly no other ascent is described so thrillingly as is that

made in July, 1865, by a party of Englishmen of which Mr. Whymper was one. This is a long time ago, but the difficulties of the climb have not been reduced much with the lapse of years. The dreadful catastrophe which resulted on that occasion is made

memorable by the fact that while this was the first time the frowning peak was ever scaled, it was actually the ninth attempt of the intrepid Whymper, eight previous trials, running through a number of years, having resulted in failure. This vivid narrative can hardly be condensed or added to without loss to the reader; and though the subject has already been referred to in a volume of this journal several years ago, it will, in connection with the excellent illustration herewith presented, bear repetition in the Englishman's own words.

«We started from Zermatt,» says he, «on the 13th of July, at half past five, on a brilliant and perfectly cloudless morning. We were eight in number—Croz, (guide,) old Peter Taugwalder, (guide,) and his two sons; Lord F. Douglas, Mr. Hadow, Rev. Mr. Hudson, and I. To insure steady motion, one tourist and one native walked together. The youngest Taugwalder fell to my share. The wine-bags also fell to my lot to carry, and throughout the day, after each drink, I replenished them secretly with water, so that at the next halt they were found fuller than before! This



THE MATTERHORN FROM THE VALLEY.

was considered a good omen, and little short of miraculous.

«On the first day we did not intend to ascend to any great height, and we mounted, accordingly, very leisurely. Before 12 o'clock we had found a good position for the tent, at a height of 11,000 feet. We passed the remaining hours of daylight—some basking in the sunshine, some sketching, some

collecting; Hudson made tea, I coffee, and at length we retired, each one to his blanket-bag.

«We assembled together before dawn on the 14th and started directly it was light enough to move. One of the young Tangwalders returned to Zermatt. In a few minutes we turned the rib which had intercepted the view of the eastern face from our tent platform. The whole of this great slope was now revealed, rising for 3,000 feet like a huge natural staircase. Some parts were more, and others were less easy, but we were not once brought to a halt by any serious impediment, for when an obstruction was met in front it could always be turned to the right or to the left. For the greater part of the way there was no occasion, indeed, for the rope, and sometimes Hudson led, sometimes myself. At 6:20 we had attained a height of 12,800 feet, and halted for half an hour; we then continued the ascent without a break until 9:55, when we stopped for fifty minutes at a height of 14,000 feet.

«We had now arrived at the foot of that part which, seen from the Riffelberg, seems perpendicular or overhanging. We could no longer continue on the eastern side. For a little distance we ascended by snow upon the arete—that is, the ridge—then turned over to the right, or northern side. The work became difficult, and required caution. In some places there was little to hold; the general slope of the mountain was less than 40°, and snow had accumulated in, and had filled up, the interstices of the rock-face, leaving only occasional fragments projecting here and there. These were at times covered with a thin film of ice. It was a place which any fair mountaineer might pass in safety. We bore away nearly horizontally for about 400 feet, then ascended directly toward the summit for about 60 feet, then doubled back to the ridge which descends toward Zermatt. A long stride round a rather awkward corner brought us to snow once more. The last doubt vanished! The Matterhorn was ours!

Nothing but 200 feet of easy snow remained to be surmounted.

«The higher we rose, the more intense became the excitement. The slope eased off, at length we could be detached, and Croz and I, dashing away, ran a neck-and-neck race, which ended in a dead heat. At 1:40 p. m., the world was at our feet, and the Matterhorn was conquered!

. «The others arrived. Croz now took the tent-pole and planted it in the highest snow. (Yes,) we said, (there is the flag-staff, but where is the flag?)

«(Here it is,) he answered, pulling off his blouse and fixing it to the stick. It made a poor flag, and there was no wind to float it out, yet it was seen all around. They saw it at Zermatt—at the Riffel—in the Val Tournanche. * * *

«We remained on the summit for one hour —

«One crowded hour of glorious life.»

«It passed away too quickly, and we began to prepare for the descent.

«Hudson and I consulted as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it was best for Croz to go first, and Hadow second; Hudson, who was almost equal to a guide in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord Douglas was placed next, and old Peter, the strongest of the remainder, after him. I suggested to Hudson that we should attach a rope to the rocks on our arrival at the difficult bit, and hold it as we descended, as an additional protection. He approved the idea but it was not definitely decided that it should be done. The party was being arranged in the above order whilst I was sketching the summit, and they had finished and were waiting for me to be tied in line, when some one remembered that our names had not been left in a bottle. They requested me to write them down, and moved off while it was being done.

«A few minutes afterwards I tied myself to young Peter, ran down after the others, and

caught them just as they were commencing the descent of the difficult part. Great care was being taken. Only one man was moving at a time; when he was firmly planted the next advanced, and so on. They had not, however, attached the additional rope to the rocks, and nothing was said about it. The

suggestion was not made for my own sake, and I am not sure that it even occurred to me again. For some little distance we two followed the others, detached from them, and should have continued so had not Lord Douglas asked me, about 3 p. m., to tie on to old Peter, as he feared, he said, that Taugwalder

would not be able to hold his ground if a slip occurred.

“A few minutes later, a sharp-eyed lad ran into the Monte Rosa hotel, at Zermatt, saying that he had seen an avalanche fall from the summit of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhorn glacier. The boy was reproved for telling idle stories; he was right, nevertheless, and this was what he saw.

“Michal Croz had laid aside his ax, and in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs, and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions. As far as I know, no one was actually descending. I cannot speak with certainty, because the two leading men were partially hidden from my sight by an intervening mass of rock, but it is my belief, from the



“(A FLYING BODY, COMING DOWN)—PAGE 86.

movements of their shoulders, that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself; at this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell against him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downwards; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and Lord Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment. Immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit: the rope was taut between us, and the jerk came on us both as on one man. We held; but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavoring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn glacier below, a distance of nearly 4,000 feet in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them. So perished our comrades!

* * * * *

«For more than two hours afterwards I thought almost every moment that the next would be my last; for the Taugwalders, utterly unnerved, were not only incapable of giving assistance, but were in such a state that a slip might have been expected from them at any moment. After a time we were able to do that which should have been done at first, and fixed a rope to the firm rocks, in addition to being tied together. These ropes were cut from time to time, and were left behind. Even with their assurance the men were afraid to proceed, and several times old Peter turned, with ashy face and faltering limbs, and said, with terrible emphasis, (*I cannot!*)

«About 6 p. m. we arrived at the snow upon the ridge descending towards Zermatt, and all peril was over. We frequently looked, but in vain, for traces of our unfortunate

companions; we bent over the ridge and cried to them, but no sound returned. Convinced at last that they were neither within sight nor hearing, we ceased from our useless efforts; and, too cast down for speech, silently gathered up our things, and the little effects of those who were lost, and then completed the descent.»

To this account by Mr. Whymper may be added the statement that the body of Lord Douglas has never been recovered, though the bodies of the other three were found together upon the glacier by searchers the next morning. A subsequent ascent was made by a party at the head of which was Professor Tyndall, the noted English scientist. He had as guide a son of the one who accompanied the Whymper expedition; and on this occasion also great perils were met, though fortunately no lives were lost. In descending they came upon a crevice which had to be crossed before they could proceed. What then happened is amusingly described as follows:

«A downward jump of fifteen or sixteen feet, and a forward leap of seven or eight feet had to be made at the same time. It was not the quantity, but it was the quality of the jump which gave to it its peculiar flavor. You had to hit a narrow ridge of ice. If that was passed, it seemed as if you might roll down for ever and ever. If it was not attained, you dropped into the crevice below, which, although partly choked by icicles and snow which had fallen from above, was still gaping in many places, ready to receive an erratic body.

«Croz untied Walker in order to get rope enough, and warning us to hold fast, sprang over the chasm. He alighted cleverly on his feet, untied himself, and sent up the rope to Walker who followed his example. It was then my turn, and I advanced to the edge of the ice. The second which followed is what is called a supreme moment. That is to say, I felt supremely ridiculous. The world seemed to revolve at a frightful pace, and

my stomach to fly away. The next moment I found myself sprawling in the snow, and then, of course, vowed that it was nothing, and prepared to encourage my friend Reynaud.

“He came to the edge and made declarations. He wrung his hands, ‘Oh what a fearful place! It is nothing, Reynaud,’ I said, ‘It is nothing.’ (Jump,) cried the others, (jump.) But he turned round, as far as one can do such a thing in an ice step, and covered his face with his hands, ejaculating,

‘Upon my word it is not possible. No! No!! No!!! it is not possible.’

“How he came over I do not know. We saw a toe—it seemed to belong to Moore; we saw Reynaud, a flying body, coming down as if taking a header into the water; with arms and legs all abroad, his leg of mutton flying in the air, his baton escaped from his grasp; and then we heard a thud as if a bundle of carpets had been pitched out of a window. When set upon his feet he was a sorry spectacle.”



STORIETTES.

From the Classes in English, Brigham Young Academy, Provo.

SELF EFFORT WINS.

SPECIAL exercises were always held the day previous to May 31, Memorial day, in all the public schools; and this year unusual interest was being taken in the Banden school exercise. An old soldier had offered a prize of five dollars to the student who would make the best drawing of the American flag.

When Mark and Ted came home from school they told their mother of the prize to be given, and Mark eagerly exclaimed, “Mama, don’t you think that our Rex will get the prize, if he tries right hard?”

“Our Rex!” exclaimed the mother in astonishment.

“I! Why I can’t draw very well, and besides I am the youngest in the class. There are so many that are older than I am, that I wouldn’t stand any chance at all,” protested Rex.

“I don’t care, you are a natural artist, and the teacher said you are the best in the class,” replied Mark.

“Well, Rex, you might try. Aren’t you willing to do that?” said the mother.

Rex’s face brightened. “Well, mother, if you say so, I will try, but what if I should fail?”

“That will be all right, my dear. I admire people that try and then fail, almost as much as those that win, because it shows that they have ambition,” replied the mother.

“Well, then, I will try and try right hard.”

“That’s right, dear, but you must not get discouraged by one trial and give it up, but try and try again.”

Rex’s brothers were confident of his winning, but he himself was very doubtful. He began to realize his weakness and could plainly see that nothing but long and continued efforts would make him successful; so he set to work at his new undertaking with a determination to stick to it, whether he won the prize or not.

Rex was always very fond of his morning nap, but he got along without it; also without having his usual romps with the boys. He used his time as savingly as possible, and

studied flags, learning a great deal about them, which caused him to take an interest in soldiers. Time after time he gave up in despair, then would pick up his pencil and go to work again; and finally the drawing was finished and handed in.

All of Rex's friends felt an interest in him, but were somewhat doubtful as to his winning the prize. The exercises came on Thursday, and brought large crowds of people to the spacious hall. The girls, dressed in white, and the boys, dressed in their best with a small flag on their left shoulder, all marched up the room, which was decorated with flags and bunting.

The program was in memory of brave soldiers, and in honor of our nation and its flag. Near the close, the old soldier arose and said that the drawings were ready to be exhibited, and the prize had been awarded.

He kept them in suspense for, "oh, such a long time,"—or it seemed that way to Rex—telling them how well and carefully each had drawn his flag, also spoke of the choice of designs, but he said there was one that showed more care and talent than the rest.

At this, all the eyes were turned on Theodore Ross; but a moment later the old soldier uttered the name of Rex Stainard.

As the small boy marched to the front, the school cheered again and again. Rex stood with flushed face while the great man stooped and placed the yellow coin in his hand; then he was cheered again.

All thought the judgment was a just one. Even the boy who wore a very high collar and handsome linked cuff-buttons, who had also drawn a flag, said, "That's all right. Rex knows how to hold his pencil."

As for Rex, his thoughts were of how pleased his mother would be. His victory had not been won that morning in the school room; it was won at home, where he had toiled late and early, often despairing, but again trying until he succeeded.

You may imagine the welcome Rex re-

ceived when he went home. He threw his arms lovingly around his mother's neck and whispered, "I got it, and you may have it, mother."

"No, Rex, we will lay it away toward your art lessons," and she deposited it in the corner of a drawer. This was the beginning of Rex Stainard's career as a painter.

Minnie Stewart.



A BRAVE BOY.

"Well, John, has Mr. Bates promised to raise your wages?" said Mrs. Ebey to her son as he entered the room.

"No," replied John with a sigh, "and I don't think he ever will. If he would raise it only another dollar a week, it would help us so much; and I am sure he would not miss it."

"Never mind," said his mother, "we must not complain. Let us be thankful for what we have. I know Mr. Bates can well afford to pay you more, and let us hope that he will in the near future," continued Mrs. Ebey, seeing that her boy was discouraged. At the same time she had little hope that he would; for there are people whose prosperity serves only to shut up their hearts in walls of gold.

Mrs. Ebey had been a widow for five years. She had worked hard to support her four little children, of whom John was the eldest. He was now old enough to help her, and during the past six months, had worked as office boy for Mr. Bates. Still, with all they could both do, it was a struggle to make ends meet.

One week had passed since John's employer had refused to raise his wages. The day was cold, but not unpleasant; and as John was through with his work unusually early that day, he walked down by the pond to see the boys skate. He was very fond of skating, but his hard-earned money could not be spent for skates. It must go to help clothe and feed his three younger brothers, who were not able to help themselves.

«Would you like to wear my skates?» said a kind-hearted little fellow, coming up to John.

«Oh, yes,» was the reply; and in a few moments John had joined the merry party on the ice.

«We shan't have skating much longer,» said John to one of his friends.

«No,» was the reply, «I think this will be the last chance for the present, unless the weather gets colder. The ice is quite thin over on the east side of the pond, but still the boys go there.»

Just then a little fellow with seal-skin cap and fur mittens passed them, and darted away in the direction of the most dangerous part of the pond.

«That is Fred Bates, the merchant's son,» remarked John's friend. «He is one of those boys who laugh when warned against danger.»

All at once a loud cry was heard. «The ice is cracking!»

A rush was made for shore, and all escaped except one who was further away from the strong ice than any other.

«Fred Bates is in!» shouted a dozen voices.

And it was true. The ice had given way and the boy was going under. The crowd stood looking on, knowing not what to do. All but one. John started swiftly for the dangerous spot. As he reached the hole in the ice, it gave way and he, too, went under, but he had grasped the drowning boy, and was holding him above water. A pole was handed them, and with a great effort John pulled himself and Fred from the icy water.

The boys were driven home, where they received the best of care, but it was a week before John could be at his work again. He had been thoroughly chilled, and a severe cold was the result.

On the day he returned to work, his salary was raised from three dollars a week to eight. And as he was leaving the office that night, Mr. Bates called to him, and said:

«I have deposited in the savings bank one thousand dollars to your credit, as the gift of Fred. When you are of age, it may aid you in starting in business.»

John has prospered since then, and is now doing business for himself.

Lottie Greenwood.



LAND OF THE MID-DAY MOON.

AMONG the many peculiarities of this land of the north (Norway) is noon-day moonlight. This is not an uncommon occurrence during the winter season when we have neither beginning nor end of days but continuous night. A beautiful, full moon in the starry heavens is a sight which seldom fails to awaken the hibernating soul. To give you an idea of our peculiar condition and surroundings I hereto append a short

sketch covering the time from 12 noon till 3 p. m., on December 18, 1899.

We are invited into the dining room for dinner. The lamps all burn brightly and the warmth from the heater in the corner makes us all feel comfortable. To our right, in a private room, are heard the mellow strains of a violin and from the kitchen below comes the sound of merry voices singing a Norwegian song to the tune of «In the Sweet By and

By," while a shoemaker in the attic beats time with his hammer. Unconsciously I see and hear these things, but my thoughts are far away and my eyes are riveted upon an eastern window through which I discern, vague and ghost-like, towering snow-clad peaks rising out of the salty, slumbering sea. Over their glittering pinnacle majestically rolls the silvery moon whose mellow light floods the earth and whose gentle rays bring me a welcome from a clime more sunny and serene.

Turning to the meal, we find before us potatoes, boiled cod and fried herring, bread with raisins in it, oleomargarine in place of butter, and a peculiar-looking goat cheese which is quite palatable when you get used to it. For dessert we are served with sweet soup and crackers. The rigid climate has given us a good appetite and we do full justice to the meal.

Then out in the open under the starlit sky we wend our way. Looking northward it is dark, but in the south a rosy tint lingers about the hill tops. 'Tis a faint glow from the reflected rays of the noonday sun now at home in the far sunny south.

Sleigh bells jingle, lights stream from every window, people hurry to and fro, and in the distance the low moan of the restless sea is heard as it beats upon the rocky shore.

On we wander. Now we are beyond the lights of the city, and faintly we hear the old town clock strike two. The «fjord» lies before us and the beautiful moonlight glitters and dances upon the waves. Now and then a fishing boat glides noiselessly over the beautiful belt of light and for a moment the form of the lone fisherman can be dimly seen. We venture down among the rocks; the tide is out and here we find a stretch of pretty, sandy

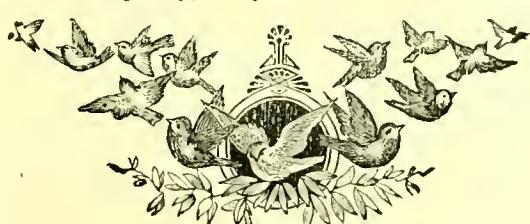
beach. As regular as the motion of the pendulum the murmuring waves come rolling in. The rocks about us, covered with frozen foam, sparkle like diamonds in the silvery light. Like statues we stand dreaming in nature's icy palace, until we are startled by the long shrill blast of a whistle, followed after a pause by another but shorter blast.

This is the signal of the rapid mail and passenger boat from the south. Over a promontory we can see her headlight streaming from the foremast and in another moment a large, white steamer glides into view. 'Tis a beautiful sight! From mast to hold she is illuminated with electric light. From every port-hole a silvery oar is laid upon the waves as on she glides, stately, majestic, like some fairy palace floating upon the bosom of the deep.

We retrace our steps, following in the furrow of the giant snow plow which has pressed the snow into perpendicular walls on either side. As we enter the outskirts of the city the merry shout of children greets us on right and left. Every snow-bank and hillside is literally alive with dusky little forms, some with sleighs coasting, some on snow shoes and others with tiny lanterns and shovels building fairy castles in the snow. All seem merry and happy, and reluctantly we hear their gladsome voices grow faint in the distance.

Now we are in the city again and the old town clock strikes three. The notes come slowly and reluctantly as if old Father Time would fain prolong the pleasant hours which he deals out so sparingly within the dark and benighted arctics. *J. L. Lauritzen.*

TROMSO, NORWAY, DEC. 20, 1899.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

JESUS THE GOD OF ANCIENT ISRAEL.

THE following question is asked by an Ogden correspondent: «In Leaflet of January 7th, 1900—subject, God—are we to understand that God the Father spoke to Moses face to face on Mount Sinai, or are we to understand that it was Jesus Christ?»

There is in modern Christendom a strong tendency to ascribe to the Father visits and communications with mankind that were really made by the Lord Jesus. There is even a respectable percentage of the members of His Church, established in these days, who have the idea that it was the Father and not the Son who appeared to the patriarchs and prophets of old, who delivered Israel from Egypt, who gave the law on Sinai, and who was the guide and inspirer of the ancient seers. This was not the understanding of the true servants of God either before or after His coming. Those who preceded the advent of the Messiah understood that He whom they worshiped as Jehovah should in due time tabernacle in the flesh, and the writings of Justin Martyr and other of the early fathers show that this was the belief of the early Christian church on the eastern continent. The writings of the Hebrew prophets, as we have them in the Bible, are perhaps not as plain on this point as are those of the Nephite seers that are revealed to us in the Book of Mormon. But we have in this latter record some quotations from the earlier Hebrew prophets that make this point very clear. Nephi writes, (I Nephi 19: 10):

And the God of our fathers who were led out of Egypt, out of bondage, and also were preserved in the wilderness by him; yea, the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, yieldeth himself, according to the words of the angel, as a man, into the hands of wicked men, to be lifted up according to the words of Zenock, and to be crucified, according to the words of Neum, and to be

buried in a sepulchre, according to the words of Zenos.

Here we have the testimony of Zenock, Neum and Zenos that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob was by wicked men to be lifted up, crucified and afterwards buried in a sepulchre, showing that these ancient worthies understood that it was the God of Israel who should come to His own. Nephi who himself was a Hebrew and the son of a prophet of that same race, also testifies in the above passage that it was that same God of their fathers who led them out of Egypt and preserved them in the wilderness. About four hundred years later another Nephite seer, King Benjamin, testifies that an angel came to him and made this glorious promise:

For behold, the time cometh, and is not far distant, that with power, the Lord Omnipotent who reigneth, who was, and is from all eternity to all eternity, shall come down from heaven, among the children of men, and shall dwell in a tabernacle of clay, and shall go forth amongst men, working mighty miracles, such as healing the sick, raising the dead, causing the lame to walk, the blind to receive their sight, and the deaf to hear, and curing all manner of diseases.

A little further on he says:

And he shall be called Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Father of heaven and earth, the Creator of all things, from the beginning; and his mother shall be called Mary.

And lo, he cometh unto his own, that salvation might come unto the children of men, even through faith on his name; and even after all this, they shall consider him a man, and say that he hath a devil, and shall scourge him, and shall crucify him.

But we have the word of the Savior Himself on this point that puts controversy to an end. When, after His resurrection and ascension into heaven, He first appeared to His Nephite disciples on this land, He declared, «Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world;

* * * *I am the God of Israel, and the God of the whole earth, and have been slain for the sins of the world.*» (III Nephi 11: 10, 14.) Later during His ministry among the Nephites he affirms: «Behold I say unto you, that the law is fulfilled that was given unto Moses. Behold, *I am he that gave the law and I am he who covenanted with my people Israel; therefore, the law in me is fulfilled.*» (III Nephi 15: 4, 5.)

Should any still have a lingering doubt that the Jehovah who revealed Himself to Abraham, to Moses and to others was any other than He whom we know in the flesh as Jesus Christ, that doubt is set at rest by the revelations given in these days. In the vision seen by the Prophet Joseph Smith and by Oliver Cowdery in the Kirtland Temple, 3rd of April, 1836, the following appears:

We saw the Lord standing upon the breast-work of the pulpit, before us, and under his feet was a paved work of pure gold in color like amber.

His eyes were as a flame of fire, the hair of his head was white like the pure snow, his countenance shone above the brightness of the sun, and his voice was as the sound of the rushing of great waters, even the voice of Jehovah, saying—

I am the first and the last, I am he who liveth, I am he who was slain, I am your advocate with the Father. (Doc. & Cov. Sec. 110, verses 2, 3, 4.)

Somewhat curiously an ancient Syriac manuscript has within the last few months been unearthed that is known as the Gospel of the Twelve Apostles. Whether the Twelve Apostles had anything to do with writing it has nothing to do with the point under consideration. The writing was originally in Hebrew, and what we wish to draw attention to is that, whenever this manuscript was first written, the writers of the original believed that Jesus was He who spake with the ancient Israelites. It commences:

The beginning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, according as it was said by the Holy Spirit, I send an angel before his face, who shall prepare his way.

It came to pass in the 309th year of Alexander, the son of Philip the Macedonian, in the reign of Tiberius Caesar, in the government of Herod, the ruler of the Jews, that the angel Gabriel, the chief of the angels, by command of God went down to Nazareth to a virgin called Mariam, of the tribe of Judah the son of Israel (her who was betrothed to Joseph the Just), and he appeared to her and said, «Lo! there ariseth from thee *the one who spake with our fathers*, and he shall be a Savior to Israel; and they who do not confess him shall perish, for his authority is in the lofty heights, and his kingdom does not pass away.»



TESTIMONY FOR THE WORD OF WISDOM.

A STRONG testimony for the Word of Wisdom comes to us from Sister Evelina L. B. Cornell, of Forest Dale, Salt Lake County, Utah; and as an encouragement and a lesson to mothers and children we reproduce the substance of her letter.

At the age of seventeen years, although having been reared a «Mormon» girl, she married an outsider—one not of her own faith. After the birth of two children, she removed with her husband to Deadwood, in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Here four more children were born to her. She was a firm believer in the principles of the Gospel and tried to teach the same to her children. Both by precept and practice she sought to instil into their minds full obedience to and reliance upon the principles laid down in the Word of Wisdom.

In the early spring of 1890 all of her six children, the youngest not then three years of age, were taken down with malignant diphtheria. The attending doctor, who was a specialist in this dreadful disease, pronounced the case of at least two of the children (the oldest and the youngest) as hopeless.

The mother had faith in the ordinance of administering to the sick under the hands of the Priesthood; but for the past twelve years she had not only not seen an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,

but she had also been deprived of the privilege of meeting with any members of the Church. In fact she had only seen three people who had even met with a «Mormon.» She therefore could not send for the Elders, as her heart prompted; and what else could she do?

Then the thought came to her, stricken as she was with anguish at the sight of two of her loved ones lying there dying before her eyes, that the Lord has said in the Doctrine and Covenants, that if we would keep the Word of Wisdom, the destroyer should pass us by.

Feeling that she had done the best she knew how, she went into her bedroom, and, kneeling down, in the agony of her soul she prayed: «Father, I have taught to the children Thou hast given me, the Word of Wisdom to the best of my ability; remember now Thy promise.»

Her prayer was interrupted by a sound from the baby, who, as she thought, was choking to death, and she rushed to the bedside. But instead of passing from life unto death, the child threw the membrane out of its throat clear across the room; at which the doctor, who was present, exclaimed with surprise, «She will live.»

This happened ten years ago. The six children are all alive and well today.

There is no doubt in this mother's mind as to who saved her children; it was not the doctor, it was the Eternal Father, whose word can never fail if we do our part; and her object in narrating this instance of almost instantaneous answer to prayer is that others may have faith in His promises and live so worthily as to be able to expect their fulfillment in time of human hopelessness and need.



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

TITHING AND THE BOOK OF MORMON.

THE question has been asked: «If the Book of Mormon contains the fullness of the Gospel, how is it that it makes no mention of the duty of paying tithing? Or if it is the duty of every member of the Church to pay tithing, why was not this law revealed to the Nephites?»

Now, there is no doubt that tithing was taught to and understood and practiced by the Nephites from the time they first came to this continent until they were visited by the risen Redeemer. From the time of the establishment of His holy church after His personal ministry among the Nephites, and to the time of their apostasy therefrom, the observance of the more perfect law of consecration or «the united order» supplanted

or took the place, amongst the Nephite Saints, of the lesser law of tithing.

When Lehi and his colony left Jerusalem for this land they brought with them, engraved upon brass plates, the Hebrew Scriptures from Moses to Jeremiah. It is this portion of the Holy Scriptures that contains by far the greater number of references to tithing contained in the Bible. In it are to be found the regulations embraced in the law of Moses regarding the payment of tithes by the people of Israel. The Nephites multiplied these scriptures in their midst; they had them for constant reference; they were the word of the Lord to them; and as a result, this branch of the house of Israel observed the law of Moses, which included the law of tithing, in all their generations till Christ came. Of course,

there were times when the law was more faithfully observed than at others, as the people's devotion to God and to His law ebbed and flowed.

The passages in which reference is made by the Nephite historians to the observance of the law of Moses by their people are numerous and widely scattered throughout the pages of the Book of Mormon. Nephi, writing in the sixth century before Christ, says: «Notwithstanding we believe in Christ, we keep the law of Moses.» (II Nephi 25: 24). And again: «We did^t observe to keep the judgments, and the statutes, and the commandments of the Lord *in all things, according to the law of Moses*» (II Nephi 5:10). Jacob, Nephi's younger brother, says: «For this intent we keep the law of Moses, it pointing our souls to him» [Christ] (Jacob 4:5). About two hundred years later Jarom writes: «The people of Nephi * * * observed to keep the law of Moses and the Sabbath day holy unto the Lord.» (Jarom 1:5). When nearly three hundred years more had passed, we learn that in the days of King Benjamin the Nephites still observed this law (Mosiah 2:3); it was observed by the detached colony of Nephites who under Zeniff re-settled the land of Lehi-Nephi (Mos. 12: 27-33; 13:27); the converted Lamanites were taught to observe this law, and they kept it (Alma 25:15), so also did the Nephites of the days of the Judges (Alma 30:3; Hel. 15:5), though the apostate Zoramites and others rejected it (Alma 31:9).

The Nephites understood that the law of tithing antedated the establishment of the law of Moses, and was a law of righteousness to God's servants before the days of that great prophet. This is shown in Alma's reference to the life of Melchizedek in his discourse to the wicked people of Ammonihah. He recounts how great a high priest and king this Melchizedek was, and among other things says: «It was the same Melchizedek to whom Abraham paid tithes: yea, even our father Abraham paid tithes of one-tenth of

all he possessed.» (Alma 13:15). This remark shows that this law was the same in its requirements in Abraham's day as it is in ours. But the Father had given a revelation to one of the Hebrew prophets (Malachi) after the time that Lehi left Jerusalem, which contained words of so great moment to all God's servants that Jesus, when ministering among the Nephites, considered them worthy of repetition to this people. In this message from the Father, repeated by the divine lips of His only begotten Son, is this passage:

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

Ye are cursed with a curse, for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house; and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. (III Nephi 24: 8-10.)

And yet there are those who doubt that the Book of Mormon teaches the law of tithing! How would it be possible to teach it more impressively, more emphatically, or in stronger language? If the words of the resurrected Savior under the circumstances then surrounding Him and the people to whom He repeated this law of His Father are not authoritative, what conditions could make the law more convincing, more binding?

When Jesus had finished His labors among the Nephites, His twelve disciples went forth and established His church throughout all this western continent. Then, we are told, the people «had all things common among them, therefore they were not rich and poor, bond and free, but they were all made free, and partakers of the heavenly gift.» This blessed condition continued until a little more than two hundred years from the time of the birth of Christ had passed away. Then apostasy commenced and wickedness grew. One of the first manifestations of

this evil day was that «from that time forth they did have their goods and their substance no more common among them; and they began to be divided into classes,» &c. (IV Nephi 1: 25, 26). Henceforth they went on from bad to worse, ignoring the law of consecration and, so far as may be judged from the terrible days that followed, not observing the law of tithing, for the history of the Nephites now becomes a history of the denial of all that God commanded, of all that was good and praiseworthy.

After the perusal of the foregoing will any Latter-day Saint again ask, «If tithing is a law of God, why did He not have it taught to the Nephites?»



HOW TO DEVELOP THE GROWING HUMAN BEING.

An exchange gives the following as the proper prescription to follow in «wintering a boy.» After the winter is over, the same prescription for the summer may be continued to advantage, and there is no reason, except in the matter of playthings and companions, why the same formula should not apply also to the «wintering of a girl.»

«Start him to school early in the fall, and see that he has something to keep him busy

a part of every morning, afternoon and evening.

«Encourage him to eat three square meals, passing up his plate as often as he pleases, and then set the cooking-pan and raisin-box out of his reach between meals.

«Four sleds, a good pair of skates, and several baseballs are very important for keeping him in good condition.

«A boy and a dog fit each other pretty well, but two wide-awake boys dovetail together.

«Give him nine hours for sleep, seven for study, four for work and four for play every day.

«Sprinkle everything well with praise.

«Stretch him once in a while on a high ideal of manhood.

«A pinch of giving up to others and a dime savings bank are wholesome.

«Let him kick up his heels, but teach him not to kick anything but air.

«If he is in love with his mother, his grandmother and several other good women, you need not worry lest he run to girl nonsense.

«An excellent exercise is for him to plant both knees on the carpet and bury his face in the bed covers just before jumping in. God will take care of what he says.»

The Editor.



THE SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING.

WHAT a busy little housewife is here shown! The warm sun has warned her thrifty mother that the time has come for a scrubbing of floors, pantries and closets, a taking up of carpets and a cleaning of furniture, in order to make the house fresh and sweet after the soot, smoke and stuffiness of the winter. Every child knows what house-cleaning means: lots

of work for the mother and grown-up girls, cold meals for the father and boys, and a universal spirit of using water and mop and broom, besides being busy and upset generally.

Little Emma chooses to profit by example; and to the glad music of the pet bird in its wicker cage, she proceeds to clean up her own house and furniture. No doubt her property will look cleaner when she gets



A BUSY LITTLE HOUSEWIFE.

through with it, but it is to be feared that her liberal use of soap, scrubbing-brush and mop will work havoc with the paint on her toy house and chairs. We hope her industry

will not work to her injury, for cleanliness is always to be desired; and we would not like her to be disappointed with the results of her labors in that line.

A BOY'S MESSAGE.

I'm only a boy, but my heart leaps with pride
As over the mountains and rivers I ride.
My horse is of iron my chariot of steel,
We dash 'round a curve and the hills seem to reel.

Yes, only a boy, but I'm leaving my home
In a far distant land a stranger to roam,
And sometimes I strive with a sigh and a tear,
But the faith of my fathers' withstands every fear.

Although but a boy, with their faith in my breast,
I can brave ev'ry summit, or skim the wave's crest,
With a purpose that's true, and a trust that is sure,
To carry salvation to the humble and pure.

Then speed thee, O speed thee, my swift flying steed,
To city or hamlet, on highland or mead;
Lest my heart break its bounds with gladness and joy
For the message I bear; though I'm but a boy.

I'm only a boy, with a charge—not of men,
But of God, to deliver the costliest gem
That ever was delved from mountain or mine,
That the hearts of mankind with its beauty may shine.

The pearl of great price, O ye people, I bring!
Lift up your hearts in thanksgiving and sing!
Receive it, and wear it, 'tis no bauble or toy,
But a gift from Almighty—brought you by a boy.

I'm only a boy, but I promise you much;
If you will but wear it, its magical touch

Will soften your hearts, and cleanse you from sin,
And lead you to Jesus, whose blessings you'll win.

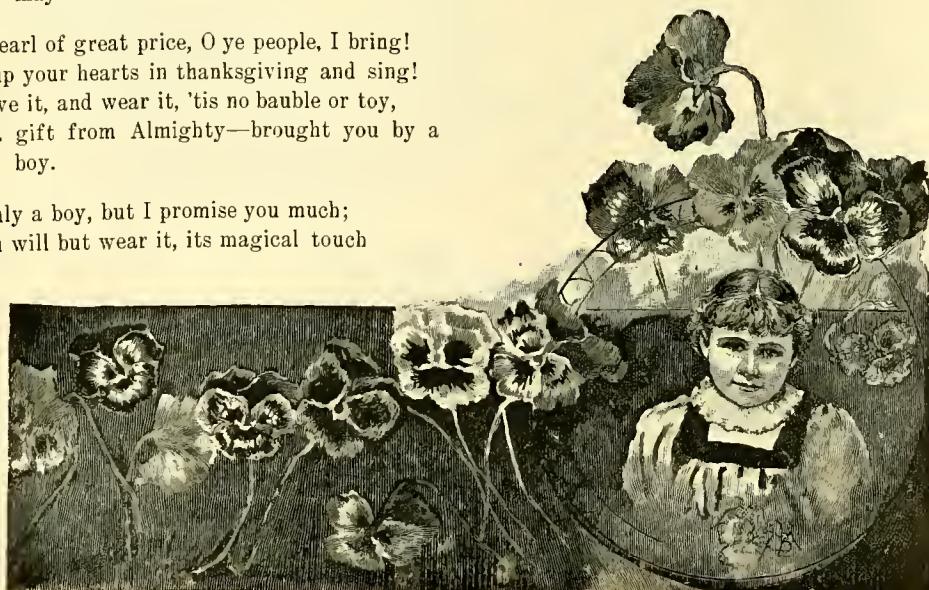
The price of this jewel you wish to behold?
It cannot be purchased with silver or gold.
«My sheep know my voice,» the Savior hath said,
For them and them only its lustre is shed.

O do not reject it; the Lord hath decreed
That the world from oppression and guilt shall be freed;
And He would enfold you in the arms of His love
While the fire of His vengeance sweeps earth from above.

You spurn it, this jewel? Then woe, woe to you,
You will not forget it, my message is true;
When disasters o'ertake you, your house to destroy,
You'll remember the warning I brought when a boy.

I deserve not your harshness, your jeers or disdain;
Without money or price in meeknesss I came,
With the love of a brother your love to employ,
And God will protect me, though only a boy.

Ruth M. Fox.



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LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.....	2:15 p. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.....	8:05 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Mantl, Belknap, and all intermediate points.....	8:35 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points.....	5:00 p. m.
No. 8—For Ogden and the West.....	9:05 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West.....	9:45 a. m.
No. 42—For Park City.....	8:30 a. m.
No. 9—For Ogden, intermediate and West.....	12:01 p. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East.....	9:30 a. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East.....	8:55 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Mantl and Intermediate points.....	5:55 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West.....	2:05 p. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West.....	7:55 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and Intermediate points.....	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—From Park City.....	5:45 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and Intermediate points.....	8:25 a. m.

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LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY:

No. 6. The "Fast Mail" for Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City	7:00 a.m.
No. 2. The "Overland Limited" for Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.....	11:45 a.m.
No. 4. The "Atlantic Express" for Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.	6:40 p.m.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY:

No. 5. The "Fast Mail" from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City	3:00 p.m.
No. 1. The "Overland Limited" from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.....	3:00 p.m.
No. 3. The "Pacific Express" from Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.....	3:30 a.m.

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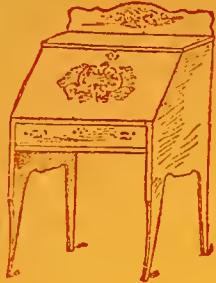
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